

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

Featuring Mike Straker
BLACK JACK

WESTERN

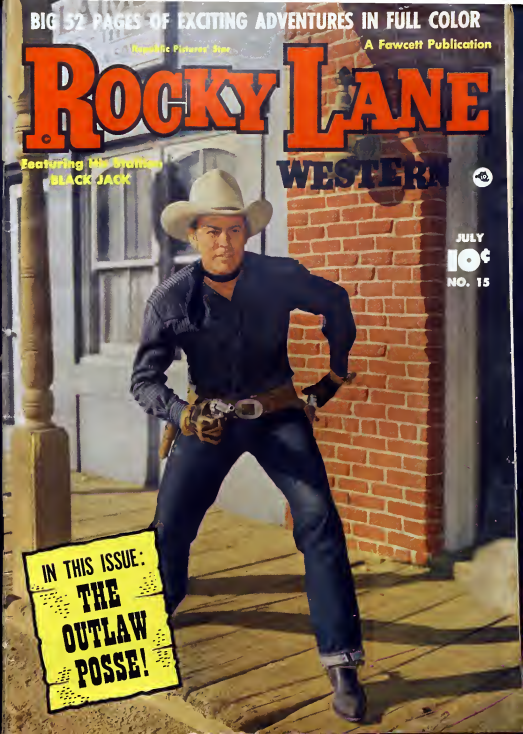
JULY

10¢

NO. 15

IN THIS ISSUE:

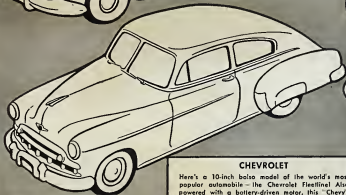
**THE
OUTLAW
POSSE!**



HEY GANG!
 LET'S BUILD THESE
 ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
 MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
 FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight! And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile — the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as A-B-C. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER: Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

Mel PARNELL

CHAMPION PITCHER
OF THE
BOSTON
RED SOX



PARNELL'S 25 VICTORIES AND 2.78 EARNED RUN AVERAGE LAST SEASON TOPPED AMERICAN LEAGUE. STYLISH SOUTHPAW NOTCHED TOTAL OF 40 GAMES. WON IN FIRST TWO SEASONS WITH RED SOX!



I'LL GIVE 'EM MY WHEATIES PITCH!



WHO'S MY PITCHER? WHY—PARNELL OF COURSE!

WORKHORSE OF BOSTON PITCHING STAFF, PARNELL APPEARED IN 39 GAMES—LED AMERICAN LEAGUE WITH 295 INNINGS PITCHED!

"I'D ADVISE YOUNG ATHLETES—OR ANYONE—TO GET WITH WHEATIES RIGHT AWAY," SAYS MEL PARNELL. "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES HAND OUT GOOD NOURISHMENT THAT HELPS ME KEEP GOING FULL SPEED DURING A TIGHT GAME. I'VE EATEN WHEATIES FOR YEARS!"

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



ROCKY LANE WESTERN • Executive Editor WILL LIEBERSON • Editor V. A. PROVVISIERO • Art Editor AL JETTER

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LE RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

AND
The **TERROR**
of **BIG BEAR**
BEND

SHEER TERROR, STRIKING AT THE HEARTS OF BRAVE MEN, SENDS THEM STAMPEDING IN WILD PANIC WHILE AN INVISIBLE ROBBER PLUNDERS AT WILL...UNTIL UNDERCOVER MARSHAL **ROCKY LANE** HURLS HIS COURAGE AND THE CRUSHING POWER OF HIS FISTS INTO A SMASHING SHOWDOWN!

AT A RUSTLERS' HIDE-OUT HIGH IN THE SIERRAS.....

RECKON WE'LL HAVE TUH QUIT RUSTLING FOR A SPELL UNTIL THINGS COOL OFF!

YEAH, BOSS! THEM POSSES ARE MIGHTY SET ON STRETCHING OUR NECKS-- IF THEY CATCH US! THESE PARTS ARE UNHEALTHY FER RUSTLERS!

RIGHT! I GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING THAT'S NOT SO RISKY!

SHORE, BUT WHUT? THINGS'RE JUST AS HARD FER ROAD AGENTS!



BECAUSE THIS TRAINED GRIZZLY IS WORTH A FORTUNE--THE WAY I AIM TUN USE HIM!

WHUT'S THE PLAN, BOSS?



I'LL HIT INTO TOWN AND PLAY IN A SALOON FER THE FOLKS! WHEN I RECKON THE TILL IS LOADED, I PLAY "BUFFALO GAL," WHICH'LL BRING IN THE GRIZZLY!

THEN WHAT?



WHEN HE COMES IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, FOLKS ARE GONNA BUST OUT THE FRONT DOOR--LEAVING ME ALONE WITH THE MONEY! GIT IT?

HAW, HAW! AND YUH CLEAN OUT THE MONEY AND RUN, ACTING SCARED AS ANYBODY! MIGHTY SLICK!

SHORE! IT CAN'T MISS! I'LL GIT STARTED TONIGHT!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS ROCKY LANE, IRON-FISTED, YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, THUNDERS INTO TOWN ON HIS GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK.....



EASY, OLD PARD! THINGS LOOK PLUMB PEACEFUL IN THIS TOWN!

SUDDENLY..... GRIZZLY! RUN FER YORE LIVES! HELP!

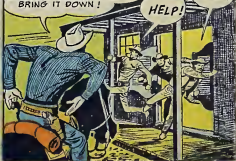
COME ON, BLACK JACK! IT APPEARS THINGS AREN'T AS PEACEFUL AS WE FIGURED!

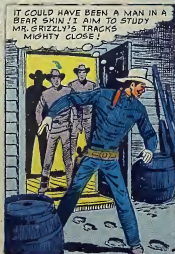
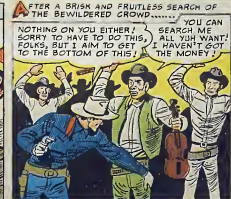
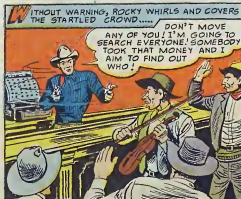
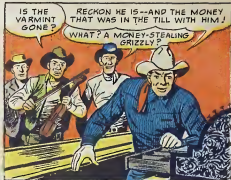
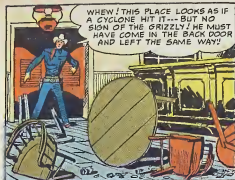


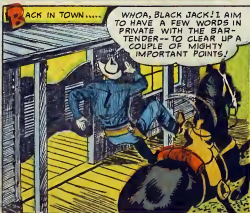
IF THERE'S A GRIZZLY ON THE LOOSE IN THERE, THIS IS GOING TO CALL FOR SOME MIGHTY STRAIGHT SHOOTING TO BRING IT DOWN!

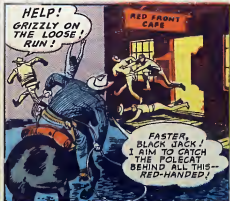
HELP!

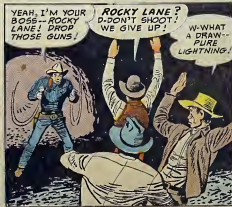
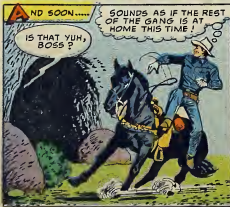
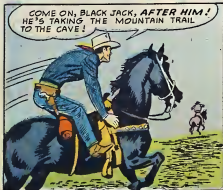
HELP!

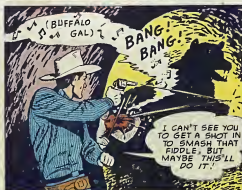


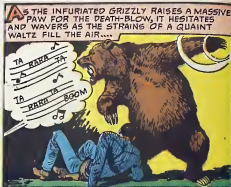






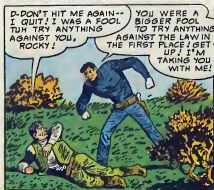


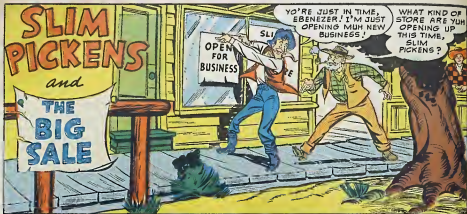




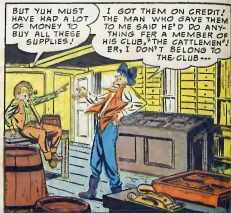
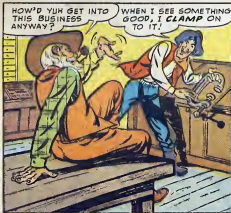
...AND SLOWLY RISES TO CIRCLE THE GAVE WITH THE CUMBERSOME MAJESTY OF A WALTZING BEAR!

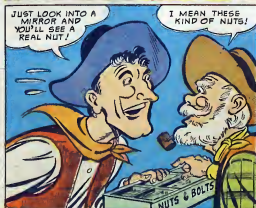




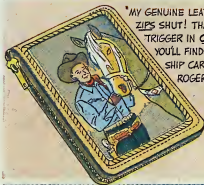








PARDNERS! MY OFFICIAL **OK**
GOES WITH THESE **HICKOK** BELTS,
WALLETS AND SUSPENDERS!



"MY GENUINE LEATHER WALLET
ZIPS SHUT! THAT'S ME AND
TRIGGER IN **COLOR**. INSIDE
YOU'LL FIND YOUR MEMBER-
SHIP CARD IN MY ROY
ROGERS RIDERS CLUB!"

\$1.50



SAYS

ROY ROGERS

"MY ROY ROGERS SHERIFF'S
BADGE BELT IS MADE OF
GENUINE LEATHER.



IT HAS A MAN-SIZE
COWPUNCHER'S BUCKLE. THAT'S
MY SIGNATURE, AND COLOR PICTURES
OF ME AND TRIGGER ALL AROUND!" \$1.50

"THESE SUSPENDERS COME IN MIGHTY
HANDY TO HELP HOLD UP YOUR
SIX-GUNS. THERE'S A ROY
ROGERS SHERIFF BADGE AND
A STEER'S HEAD KLIP-
TIP ON EACH STRAP."



\$1.00

THE ONLY GENUINE ROY ROGERS
BELTS, WALLETS & SUSPENDERS
ARE MADE BY

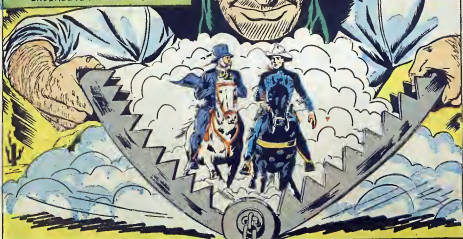
HICKOK

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane *and* PRAIRIE REVENGE



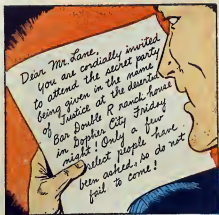
REVENGE IS ALWAYS COSTLY! NOT ONLY TO THE VICTIM, BUT TO THE REVENGER, AS WELL! BUT TRYING TO MAKE A HATE-FILLED KILLER REALIZE THIS IS A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT WHICH THREATENS TO CUT SHORT THE LIFE OF ROCKY LANE, DARING UNDERCOVER MARSHAL!

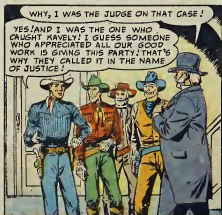
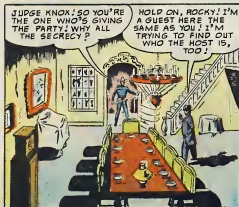


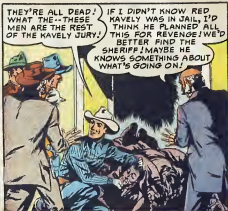
ONE MORNING AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.....

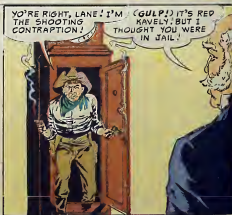
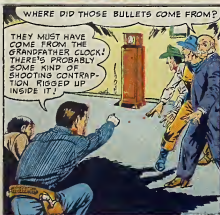
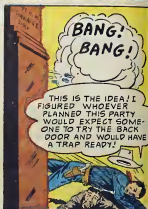
I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, ROCKY! I HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU!

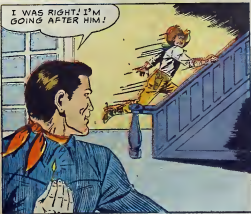
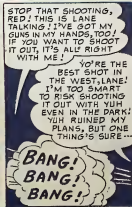
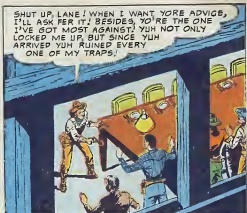
A LETTER? I WONDER WHOM IT'S FROM!

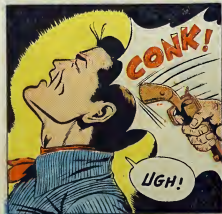
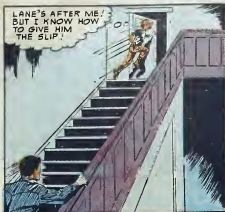


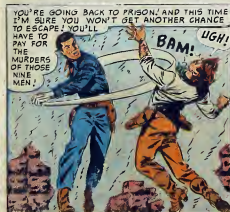
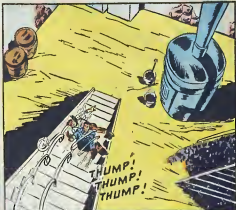
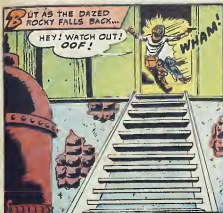












REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

and

Rocky Lane

BRONC FURY

A BLACK JACK STORY



NOTCH NUGENT AND THE WALL-EYED, HAMMER-HEADED OUTLAW BRONC HE FORKED WERE OF THE SAME BREED...A CROSS BETWEEN A RATTLER AND THE DEVIL...THE BRAZEN NOTCHES ON HIS SIX-GUNS BORE SILENT WITNESS TO THE DEADLY SPEED OF HIS LIGHTNING DRAW...SUCH WERE THE EVIL PAIR THAT HURLED THEIR CHALLENGE AT THE LAW TO SEND **ROCKY LANE** AND HIS STALLION, **BLACK JACK**, HURLING DOWN THE GUN-SMOKE TRAIL FOR A SMASHING SHOWDOWN OF SIX-GUNS AND HORSEFLESH. IN **BRONC FURY!**

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE ALL-STAR WILD WEST SHOW AS ITS OWNER, FRANK PORTER, APPROACHES NOTCH NUGENT AND HIS OUTLAW BRONC, RED DEVIL.....

HERE COMES OLD MONEYBAGS A-HOLLERING FOR ME, RED DEVIL! I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS NOW! HE'S GOT MORE CHORES FOR FOLKS THAN A COYOTE HAS FLEAS!

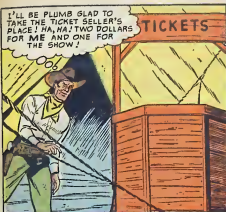
HEY, NOTCH! WHERE IN THUNDER WERE YOU?



I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO START AND THE TICKET SELLER IS SICK! FILL IN FOR HIM UNTIL YOUR PART IN THE GREAT STAGECOACH ROBBERY ACT AND...TIE UP THAT OUTLAW BRONC OF YOURS! BRRR! THAT CAYUSE IS PLUMB POISON CLEAR THROUGH!

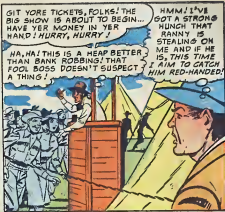
SHORE, BOSS, SHORE!





I'LL BE PLUMB GLAD TO TAKE THE TICKET SELLER'S PLACE! HA, HA! TWO DOLLARS FOR ME AND ONE FOR THE SHOW!

TICKETS



GIT YORE TICKETS, FOLKS! THE BIG SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN... HAVE YER MONEY IN YER HAND! HURRY, HURRY!

HMM! I'VE GOT A STRONG HUNCH THAT RANNY IS STEALING ON ME AND IF HE IS, THIS TIME I AIM TO CATCH HIM RED-HANDED!

HA, HA! THIS IS A HEAP BETTER THAN BANK ROBBING! THAT FOOL BOSS DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.....

AM, HA! CAUGHT IN THE ACT! HE'S SLIPPING SOME TICKET MONEY INTO HIS POCKET!

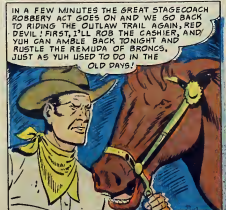


WHAT ARE YUH DOING, YUH GOLDANGED SNOOPER?

TAKING MY MONEY BACK, THAT'S WHAT, YOU THIEVING TINHORN! AFTER YOUR ACT IS OVER, YOU'RE FIRED! GET OUT OF THERE!



FIRE ME AFTER THE ACT, WILL HE? HA, HA! I'LL GIT EVEN WITH HIM! THE NEXT ACT IS THE GREAT STAGECOACH ROBBERY! ONLY I AIM TO MAKE IT THE REAL THING! I'LL RUIN HIM!



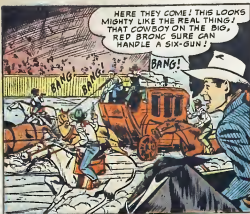
IN A FEW MINUTES THE GREAT STAGECOACH ROBBERY ACT GOES ON AND WE GO BACK TO RIDING THE OUTLAW TRAIL AGAIN, RED DEVIL! FIRST, I'LL ROB THE CASHIER, AND YUH CAN AMBLE BACK TONIGHT AND RUSTLE THE REMUDA OF BRONCOS, JUST AS YUH USED TO DO IN THE OLD DAYS!

WHILE IN A FRONT BOX, ROCKY LANE, DOUSHTY UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, TALKS TO HIS GREAT-HEARTED STALLION, THE RENOWNED BLACK JACK, AS THE FEATURE ACT BEGINS.....

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE OFFER IF YOU'RE PLUMB OF THE EVENING --- THE GREAT STAGECOACH ROBBERY!

EASY, BLACK JACK! HA, HA! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'RE PLUMB ITCHING TO ROUND UP THOSE MASKED MEN! THIS IS JUST AN ACT!





HERE THEY COME! THIS LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE THE REAL THING! THAT CONBOY ON THE BIG, RED BRONG SURE CAN HANDLE A SIX-GUN!

BANG!

BANG! BANG!



SUDDENLY.....

LOOK! HE'S CUTTING OVER TOWARD THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ARENA! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?



I'LL TAKE THAT DINERO AND YUH CAN TAKE---THIS! HA, HA! THIS IS THE LIFE, EH, RED DEVIL?

HE'S GUNNING DOWN THE CASHIER AND STEALING THE MONEY!



LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! THAT WAS NO ACT! THAT WAS THE REAL THING!



HAW! HAW! LOOK AT THAT FOOL TRYING TO RUN US DOWN! THERE'S NOT A HOSS IN THE WORLD THAT CAN MATCH STRIDES WITH RED DEVIL---AND NOT AN HOMBRE WHO CAN MATCH MY GUNPLAY! HAW! HAW! FASTER, RED DEVIL! LET'S SHAKE THAT TINTHORN OFF OUR TRAIL!



LOOK AT THAT BRONG SCORCH UP THE TRAIL! THIS IS GOING TO BE A RACE WORTHY OF YOUR METTLE, BLACK JACK!

MILE AFTER MILE THE GRUELING, THUNDERING PACE OF BURNING SPEED CONTINUES WITH THE ASTUTE ROCKY LANE CAREFULLY RATING HIS GALLANT STALLION, BLACK JACK, AS HIS STEEL-BLUE EYES NARROW WATCH FULLY--WAITING--WAITING...



EASY, BLACK JACK! WE'RE NOT READY TO MAKE OUR MOVE YET!

WHEN SUDDENLY THE LONG AWAITED SIGN COMES AS THE OUTLAW BRONC'S PLANK QUIVERS AND HE SWERVED, FALTERING. BLACK JACK'S BURNING SPEED HAD RUN RED DEVIL INTO THE GROUND!

WE'VE GOT HIM! HE'S TIRING! NOW'S THE TIME TO MAKE OUR MOVE, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! GO GET HIM, BOY! I'M GIVING YOU YOUR HEAD!



RUN, BLAST YORE MANGY HIDE--RUN! HE'S GAINING ON US AT EVERY JUMP!



I MADE THE TIMBERLAND ANYWAY! I RECKON THAT MUST BE ROCKY LANE ON MY TRAIL 'CAUSE ONLY HIS BRONC, BLACK JACK, COULD'VE RUN DOWN RED DEVIL! BUT HE'S NOT GITTING ME BECAUSE I AIM TO GIT HIM FIRST!



I'VE GOTTA WORK FAST! I'LL TIE THIS ROPE AROUND THE BOTTOM OF THIS TREE LIKE THIS, AND...



...SET A TRAP FOR HIM! I'LL JUST COVER THIS ROPE STRETCHED ACROSS THE TRAIL WITH THESE PINE NEEDLES!



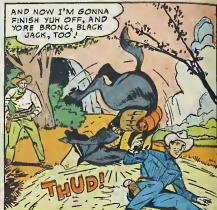
NOW TO SEND YOU UP THE TRAIL ALONE-- WHILE I WAIT FOR ROCKY LANE! HE'LL BE SO BENT ON FOLLOWING YORE TRACKS HE WON'T BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ME! HAW! HAW! I AIM ON GIVING HIM THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!



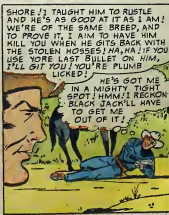
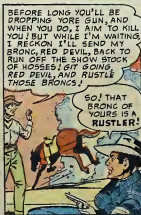
A FEW SECONDS LATER...

HERE HE COMES! NOW TO SPRING MY TRAP!





AS ROCKY LANE'S LITHE BODY HITS THE GROUND, HE ROLLS WITH THE AGILITY OF A PANTHER. HIS HANDS STREAK TOWARD HIS HOLSTERS AND HIS SIX-GUNS ROAR AS HE MATCHES THE LIGHTNING DRAW OF THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAW!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, YOU WINDY-MOUTHED SIDEWINDER! I RECKON BLACK JACK WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR OUTLAW BRONC WHILE I TAKE CARE OF YOU! GET GOING, BLACK JACK, ON THE TRAIL OF THAT RUSTLING BRONC AND BRING BACK THE SHERIFF-- PRONTO!

HAW! HAW! YORE BRONC MAY OTRUN MINE, BUT RED DEVIL'LL PLUMB KILL HIM IN A FIGHT! HE'S PURE MILLER, THROUGH AND THROUGH!



WHUT'S GOING ON OUT HYAR?

QUICK, SHERIFF! THAT BRONC IS GETTING AWAY WITH THE REMUDA! THE VARMINT IS A RUSTLER!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SHOW GROUNDS, RED DEVIL STRIKES WITH THE SUDDEN FURY OF A CYCLONE!

HELP! THIS DANGED CAYUSE IS GONE PLUMB LOCO! HELP! SHERIFF!



SUDDENLY, AS A GREAT BLACK STALLION THUNDERS INTO VIEW, CHARGING STRAIGHT AT THE VICIOUS, OUTLAW BRONC.....

LOOK, SHERIFF! THAT BIG BLACK STALLION IS HEADING RIGHT FOR THE RUSTLING BRONC!

WAL, I'LL BE DANGED! HE'S CALLING A SHOWDOWN ON THE SPOT!



THE TWO GREAT STALLIONS MEET IN AN EARTH-SHAKING TEST OF STRENGTH.....



....ENGAGING IN GRIM BATTLE! BLACK JACK WHIRLS TO THE ATTACK WITH FLYING FORE- FEET AND THE VICIOUS OUT-LAW LUNGES UNDER HIS GUARD SEEKING A DEATH HOLD WITH HIS BARED, POWERFUL TEETH!



BUT THE GALLANT BLACK JACK HAS MET THIS VICIOUS BREED BEFORE! HIS HARD HOOF BEAT ON HIS OPPONENT AS HE AVOIDS THE MURDEROUS JAWS OF RED DEVIL.....



THE GREAT STALLION FORCES THE OUTLAW TO THE GROUND INTO THE DUST OF DEFEAT.....

THAT BLACK STALLION IS THE FIGHTIN'EST, ALL AROUND RIP-SNORTIN'EST BRONC I EVER SAW! HE'S GOT THET OTHER BRONC PLUMB BEAT TO THE GROUND, AND NOW HE'S AIMING TO PUSH HIM CLEAN THROUGH IT!

'RAY! WHATTA HORSE!



MAGNIFICENT IN VICTORY, BLACK JACK PROCLAIMS A CHALLENGE OF THE RANGE, OVER HIS FALLEN FOE.....

LISTEN TO THEY! I'LL BE DANGED IF HE ISN'T CHALLENGING ANY OTHER HOSS ON THE RANGE THAT MIGHT BE MINDED TO SIDE IN WITH THE OUTLAW!

HE APPEARS TO BE LOOKING AT YOU, SHERIFF!



SUDDENLY....

WALP! THE CRITTER'S GONE PLUMB LOGO! HE'S AFTER ME!

I'M MAKING TRACKS OUT OF HERE FAST! THAT BRONC IS TOO MUCH FOR ANYONE!



LOOK! THAT BRONC IS TOSsing THE SHERIFF INTO THE SADDLE ON HIS BACK AND MAKING OFF WITH HIM, AS IF HE WANTED TO TAKE HIM SOMEWHERE! LET'S FOLLOW HIM, MEN!

WHUT IN TARNATION-???



THE FAITHFUL BLACK JACK RACES BACK TO HIS BELOVED MASTER, ROCKY LANE, IN FULFILLMENT OF HIS LAST COMMAND.....

HOWDY, SHERIFF! I SEE BLACK JACK CAME THROUGH WITH HELP LIKE I ASKED HIM TO! I RECKON YOU'D BETTER TAKE OVER! I'M KIND OF DROWSY... (GASP)

SO THAT'S IT! I RECKON BLACK JACK FIGURED HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO COAX US TO FOLLOW HIM, SO HE TOOK THE BULL PLUMBS BY THE HORNS!



SOMETIME LATER.....

I RECKON I'LL BE HITTING THE TRAIL AGAIN, SHERIFF! THE DOCTOR PATCHED ME UP AS GOOD AS NEW AND YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL NOW!

THANKS TO YOU, ROCKY LANE! AND TO BLACK JACK! WITH A BRONC LIKE HIM...



---TO TAKE CARE OF YOU, I RECKON YOU'LL BE PLUMB SAFE, GOME WHUT MAY!

BLACK JACK IS THE BEST PARD A MAN COULD HAVE! SO LONG, SHERIFF!





WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER, CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 31, PENNA.





LUCKY WITH BLACK JACK

ROPING 'N' RIDING With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Howdy, Podners:

Before sitting down to write this letter to you I sure was busy. I was readin' all the letters that have been coming in from you chronies of mine -- letters from all over the country -- when a thought struck me that I am proud to pass on to you.

I thought what a great thing education is. You know everybody can read and write these days, but back in the old days when folks were settling the frontiers of the West and making trails through wild unexplored country, they left signs along their trails for the others to follow! These "Signs" were not written signs like we've got today for folks to read, because most of the early settlers never had the chance to get any book learning and they couldn't read. Many times a twig left in the crotch of a tree branch pointed the way. A stack of stones in a heap marked a turn in the trail. A patch of bark blazed off a tree meant you were still on the trail. These were some of the "signs" that folks went by. Everybody got to know what these "signs" meant, and right quick, too. For if a wagon train or a party of settlers got lost, it might mean disaster. Yes Sir, nobody was fool enough to disobey a "sign" back in the old days. It might mean life or death.

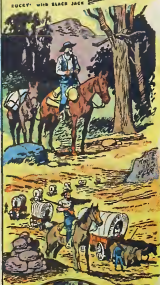
Times have changed, though. Now everybody can read. The only trouble is now folks take signs for granted, and some folks even disobey them, which is something the trail-wise old-timer wouldn't think of doing. To his way of thinking, obeying a sign was the only sure way of sidestepping a heap of trouble.

I reckon I'll holster my pencil now and high-tail it for the nearest Post Office so you pardos of mine will get this letter on time. Till next month be good to each other and obey all signs -- especially traffic signs -- and we'll always be

Your pals,

Allan "Rocky" Lane
and BLACK JACK U

P.S. Our latest movie adventures now showing on your local screens are "THE WYOMING BANDIT" and "NAVAJO TRAIL RAIDERS."



RED SWIFT Outfoots the Champ!



**LOOK FOR THE RED BALL
— AND LEARN THIS TRICK!**



REDS GOT IT, FELLAS, **BALL-BAND** WITH THE **RED BALL** ON THE SOLE, EXTRA SPRINGY — WITH SPECIAL **ARCH-GARD**! REALLY SURE-FOOTED! PERFECT FOR THIS TILTING TRICK. BEND YOUR KNEES IN A "FAKE FALL" WHEN YOUR MARK LUNGES FORWARD AT YOU—DUCK HIS POLE AND SHOVE HIM OVER, AND OUT.

**TRADE
MARK**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
1961

BALL-BAND

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO. MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

**ARCH-GARD* GUARDS YOUR
FEET AT 3 VITAL POINTS**

- 1 GUARDS YOUR LONGITUDINAL ARCH FOR JUMPING AND WALKING
- 2 CUSHIONS HEEL, LESSENS SHOCK OF RUNNING
- 3 GUARDS YOUR METATARSAL ARCH FOR GREATER COMFORT AT THE FRONT OF YOUR FOOT



Rocky Lane

PUZZLE PAGE



ACROSS

1. Empty a leaky boat
2. Not in
3. Arch-two-o
12. Seeded, like a ship on the beach
15. To copy
17. Part of the foot
18. Cuckles
19. Misdemeanor
20. Vegetable
21. Forward
22. Clothes hang
23. Express with gold
24. Road, abn.
26. More pleasant

DOWN

1. Conductor's stick
2. Yarns
3. Worth
4. Behold!
5. Commage, officer in charge of the vessel's stow goods
6. Advantage
7. Sea's rise and fall
8. Device used in loading heavy goods
9. By
10. Feast
11. Enduring
12. Prepared for action
14. To perish
28. Colored, like a woman's hair
30. Animal collection
31. Huge semitrailer trucks
32. Reached
33. Hunting blinds
35. Small sailing yacht
42. Female deer
43. Temporary bear
44. Sound
45. To send money
46. Jumbled type
48. Undiscovery of a ship, keeping it steady
52. Divided sideways while sailing forward
54. Start moving
55. Skilled work
57. Assailant
58. Firefighter
59. Source partly, like a ship out of control
60. Getting a vessel off the bottom
62. Sit up
64. Pious role
65. Old set
66. Drugged

16. joined
22. Mexican peasant
24. Migratory worker or tramp
27. Source of milk
29. Map the swamp
32. The bright blue alone
34. Claret
36. Naval chief
38. A hole in the boat
39. Grassy slope
40. Supply with weapons
41. Wrench under sail
44. Masts
45. Repeat a damaged sound
46. Still
47. Pulled by rope or cable
50. An aping time
51. Limbs
52. Enrage
53. Ties
54. Cruel
59. Famous island in the Pacific Caroline
61. Southward; abn.
63. Toward



SPECIAL OFFER!

YOU...
CAN GET
"ROCKY'S"



PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK"
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!

SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Enclose this coupon and 25c for one LARGE photo of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

— print plainly —

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

(If you want 5 LARGE pictures of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" all autographed to you personally, enclose \$1.00. Address: ROCKY LANE, 4024 North Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.)

SECRET HIDE-OUT

By Westbrook Wilson



"CLAIM you're innocent, huh?" The sheriff peered at Greg Higgins under bushy white brows. When the sheriff spoke, his white mustache wiggled and you could see the two missing teeth in his mouth.

"I'm innocent," grumbled Greg. "I did not kill Wendell Blister, I didn't! But I'm a stranger in town. What chance have I got?"

"Not much," said the sheriff, puffing his long black cigar. "Not much, unless you've got confidence in me."

"Huh?" asked Greg.

The sheriff bent close to Greg. Greg could have easily hit him and knocked him out. But he knew he was locked in, and if he knocked out the sheriff, a deputy would come and take care of him. So Greg held his fists at his side.

"Listen," continued the sheriff. "I think you're innocent too. But I can't prove it right off, any more than you can."

"Well?"

"If you get yourself strung up for Wendell Blister's killing, then the case is closed," said the sheriff. "That's how it is. If a so-called killer dances at the end of a rope, that's the end of that case. Then you wait for the next case, and you may have to wait as much as two or three minutes. But I don't think you killed Blister."

"Why?" asked Greg Higgins, still suspicious.

"No motive," said the sheriff, running his big rough hand across the white bristles of his mustache. "Wendell Blister was a no-good lout and many folks thought he deserved killing. But you're a stranger. You couldn't have known."

"Your deputies arrested me," commented Greg drily.

"Sure! Sure!" said the sheriff. "Had no choice. Found you near the body."

"I saw the man lying there. I thought he was hurt. I ran up to see if I could help him. It's what anybody with a half-a-heart would do!" asserted Greg Higgins.

"Sure! Sure!" agreed the sheriff. "I believe that. But the deputy found you there. You were the most likely suspect. You are a stranger in town. You had to be locked up!"

The sheriff was silent and Greg didn't comment either.

At last the lawman said, "Boy, you've got to trust me. If you do what I say, you save your skin. If you don't, you not only lose your skin, but you practically put an end to good law in these parts."

"Why should I trust you?" asked young Greg.

"No reason," responded the sheriff. "Unless you got the sense to judge an honest man from a crook. And if you haven't got that sense, then you won't live long anyhow."

Greg frowned and looked at the sheriff.

"Now I think you're honest, and I'm staking my star on you," continued the man with the badge. "The way I got it figured, though I can't prove a thing, is that Wendell Blister had found out that Two-King Kelly, the foreman, was really rustling cattle from the GG ranch. Two-King put Wendell to sleep to keep him quiet. Then you came along, got yourself arrested, and played right into Two-King's hands."

"So?" asked Greg.

"So, if you get lynched for it, Two-King can't be accused!" said the lawman.

Greg watched him, with speculative eyes.

"The thing I want to ask you to do is not

to try to escape," said the sheriff, finally. "If you get a chance to escape, don't! Two-King would like to shoot you down while trying to escape—and that would be fine—for him. You'd have branded yourself as guilty."

"How could I escape?" asked Greg, bitterly.

"Somebody might slip a gun through those bars," said the lawman, nodding toward the windows. "Then you could put the gun on old Moe when he brings you your supper. You'd be out in no time and free as a breeze—till somebody put a slug through you."

Greg again was silent, thoughtful.

"Course, if you trust me and do what I say, you'll be a free man inside of twenty-four hours," said the sheriff. "You stay in the cell, no matter what, and if you hear me outside yelling 'Lynch mob,' you roll under the bunk real quick like and press yourself against the wall."

With that the sheriff called for old Moe, who let him out of the cell. Greg sat on his crude bunk, puzzled by the whole thing. He didn't want to trust the sheriff, whose own deputies had arrested him. And yet there was something about the lawman that he liked. He was startled from his thoughts by something that plunked into the cell at the base of the barred window.

Greg picked it up. It was a pistol. Attached was a note that said, "Shoot your way out, Higgins." (signed) "*A Friend*."

Greg hefted the gun. "It would be so easy to catch old Moe off balance," he thought. Then he tossed the gun in a corner. He would take a chance on the honesty of the sheriff.

Greg awoke from a dead sleep. He wasn't sure, at first, what had awakened him. Then he heard the repeated words, "Lynch mob." A terror filled his heart. Greg Higgins was not a coward, but the thought of a mob of mad killers struck ice into his veins. Instinctively, remembering the words of the sheriff, he rolled under his cot.

He could hear the shouts, the running feet,

the pounding on the jail doors. He was hunted! The fear that had clouded his mind for an instant departed. He thought how foolish he had been to roll under, to try to hide under the cot. Once the lynch mob got into the cell, they would tip the cot, first thing, and find him. It was foolish.

Still, the sheriff should know what he was talking about. He had said, "Roll under the bunk quick like and press yourself against the wall."

Desperate, Greg pressed against the wall. The floor beneath him gave way, and he plunged downward. He landed, more startled than hurt, on a cushion of grass sacks. Above he heard the tramping of feet and cries of, "He isn't here! He broke jail. But how?"

A ladder was poked through the hole. Greg looked up. The sheriff was there with a welcome hand.

"Well, Greg," said the lawman, "you're back in a cell, but you'll notice the other door is open. You're free as a bird. You can go. However, before you do, I might explain a couple of things. Two-King had one of his boys slip a gun to you. They wanted you to try a break so you could be shot down. When you didn't, they planned a lynching.

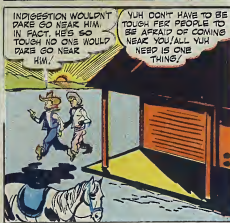
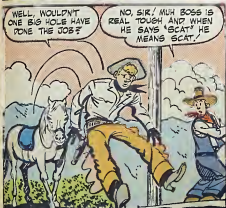
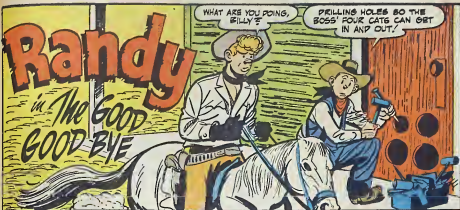
"But of course I had prepared for that kind of thing long ago. I knew that sometimes a sheriff can't stand up against a lynch mob so I had that secret trap door built under the cell bunk. Works pretty good, huh?"

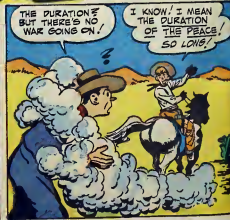
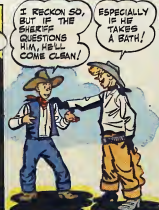
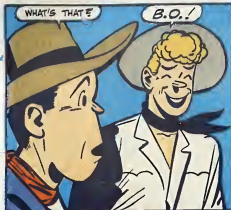
"Swell!" gasped Greg.

"Well," continued the sheriff, "when all their plans went wrong, one of the men slipped and named Two-King as the murderer. Two-King and his men all began accusing each other. We've got 'em all. You're free. Only thing is, if you haven't got a job right off, I could use another deputy."

"I'm ready," replied Greg. He reached out and shook hands with the lawman, very solemnly. It was the beginning of a long partnership.

THE END







BLACK JACK'S Hitching Post



HOWDY, PARDS! WELCOME TO BLACK JACK'S HITCHING POST! A HEAP OF YOU PARDS HAVE WRITTEN IN ASKING ABOUT THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF WESTERN SADDLES BLACK JACK USES, SO HE'S GOING TO WEAR THEM FOR ALL YOU PARDS TO SEE!



THIS IS BLACK JACK'S DOUBLE-DINCH TEXAS RIG. SOME FOLKS CALL IT A "SURE-FIRE" RIG. IT'S NOT AS FANCY-LOOKING AS SOME OF THE OTHER TYPE RIGS, BUT YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT UNDER ALL KINDS OF CONDITIONS. IT'S RUBBED, WON'T SLIP, AND THERE'S NOT A CRITTER ON THE RANGE THAT'LL KNOCK IT FROM YOUR BRONC'S BACK.



MANY SADDLES USED ON THE RANGE ARE BUILT FOR SPECIAL "DOINGS." THIS ONE, CALLED A "ROPER" HULL, SETS LOW ON A BRONC, AND THE RIDER'S WEIGHT PUTS MOST OF THE STRAIN ON THE BRONC'S BACK WHEN AN ORNERY STEER IS BEING ROPED AND THROWN. THIS PREVENTS THE SADDLE FROM SLIPPING.



THIS ONE IS CALLED A "BUCKING CONTEST SADDLE" AND IS USED FOR JUST THAT -- WORKING THE KINKS OUT OF BAD BRONCS. THE HIGH CANTLE AND THE SNUG "SWELL" ARE A BIG HELP TO A COWBOY WHO AIMS TO STICK.



THEN THERE ARE SPECIAL RIGS BUILT FOR TRICK RIDERS TO HELP THEM DO STUNTS. THE ONE SHOWN HERE IS A POPULAR TYPE WITH HANDLES BUILT IN BACK. SOME MIGHTY FANCY STUNTS CAN BE DONE WITH IT.



THE REAL FANCY RIG BLACK JACK IS WEARING HERE IS USED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. IT IS HAND-TOOLED LEATHER AND MOUNTED WITH SILVER AND GOLD. BLACK JACK IS REAL PROUD OF IT, TOO!



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

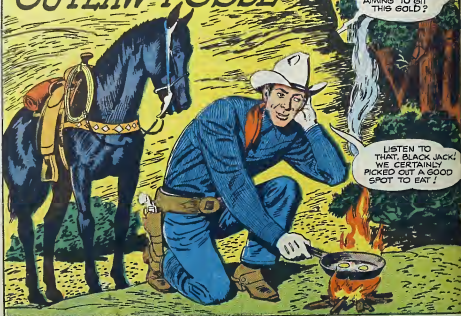
Rocky Lane

in the
OUTLAW POSSE

AND AS SOON AS THE BOSS GETS HIS HAND ON THAT NEW SHIPMENT OF GOLD, WE'RE GONNA HEAD FER NEW TERRITORY!

I OPINE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, AFTER THIS NEXT ROBBERY. I RECKON THINGS WILL BE TOO HOT FER US AROUND HYAR! BUT HOW'S THE BOSS AIMING TO GIT THIS GOLD?

LISTEN TO THAT, BLACK JACK! WE CERTAINLY PICKED OUT A GOOD SPOT TO EAT!



SOMEONE OUGHT TO PUT A STOP TO THEIR PLANS! BUT FIRST I WANT TO LISTEN A MITE MORE! MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT THE NAME OF THE "BOSS"!



THE GOLD'S COMING IN BY TRAIN AND THE BOSS FIGURED OUT A PERFECT WAY TO GET IT, HARPY! CMON, LET'S GO BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT! WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THE BOSS!

GOOD IDEA, CHET! LET'S GET OUR HORSES AND GET GOING!



I'LL FOLLOW THEM TO THE "BOSS" AND THEN I'LL ROUND THEM ALL UP!



BUT THE OUTLAWS HEAR THE CLANG OF ROCKY'S SPURS AS HE CLIMBS DOWN--

WHO'S THAT?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT KEEP QUIET! I DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW WE'VE SPOTTED HIM--- YET!



AS ROCKY JUMPS TO THE GROUND--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YUH WERE UP TO, BUT THIS WILL MAKE SURE YUH DON'T GIT IN OUR WAY!



AND WHEN ROCKY LANE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS--



WHILE UPSTAIRS--

HIS BELONGINGS, BOSS, WE DISCOVERED HE WAS AN UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, SO WE BROUGHT HIM HYAR!

AND WHEN WE WENT THROUGH HIS BELONGINGS, BOSS, WE DISCOVERED HE WAS AN UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, SO WE BROUGHT HIM HYAR!

IT WAS A STROKE OF LUCK CAPTURING AN UNDERCOVER MARSHAL!



NOW I WON'T HAVE TO WEAR ANY PHONY BADGES LIKE I PLANNED! I'LL WEAR ROCKY LANE'S BADGE! AND SINCE HE'S A SECRET MARSHAL AND NO ONE KNOWS HIM, I CAN EVEN USE HIS CREDENTIALS! THIS'LL MAKE IT EVEN EASIER TO GIT THE GOLD!

JUST HOW ARE YUH AIMING TO GET THET GOLD, TWERP?



THE GOLD IS TO BE PICKED UP AT THE DEPOT IN CARSON CITY AND DELIVERED TO THE BANK! I AIM TO MEET THE TRAIN AT VALLEY JUNCTION AND SAY WE WERE SENT OUT TO GET THE GOLD TO PREVENT ANY ROBBERY IN CARSON CITY! THIS BADGE SHOULD HELP US DO THE TRICK! NOW I'LL SWEAR YUH IN AS MUH POSSE--HA, HA, AND WE CAN GET GOING!



AND AS THE TWERP GANG RIDES OFF--

NOW REMEMBER, WHEN WE GET THE GOLD WE DON'T COME BACK HYAR! WE HEAD FER THE CAVE AT THE RIVER'S EDGE! THAT'LL BE OUR FIRST STOP ON OUR WAY TO THE NEW HIDE-OUT!



LATER--

THERE, I FINALLY WORKED MY WAY OUT OF THESE ROPES!



NOW TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON UPSTAIRS!



IT'S LOCKED! I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE ON THEIR HEARING ME!



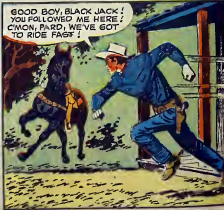
BANG BANG



THERE'S NO ONE HERE! I'D BETTER RIDE INTO CARSON CITY AND TELL THE SHERIFF WHAT I HEARD!



GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK! YOU FOLLOWED ME HERE! C'MON, PARD, WE'VE GOT TO RIDE FAST!



BUT WHEN ROCKY REACHES THE CARSON CITY JAILHOUSE...



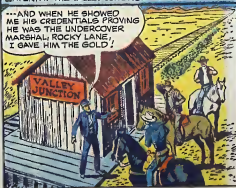
AND AFTER ROCKY TELLS HIS STORY...



NOW WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT BY CHECKING THE STATIONMASTER AT THE VALLEY JUNCTION DEPOT! LET'S GO!



LATER, AT THE VALLEY JUNCTION DEPOT---



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BOSS OF THE GANG LOOKS LIKE, BUT I'D RECOGNIZE THE TWO CRITTERS I SAW IN THE HILLS IF I SEE THEM AGAIN!

THEY'RE PROBABLY HEADED ACROSS THE BORDER BY NOW!



THEY WOULDN'T TRY TO CROSS THE BORDER WITH A BUCKBOARD OF STOLEN GOLD IN THE DAYTIME! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO FIND THEM BEFORE IT GETS DARK!

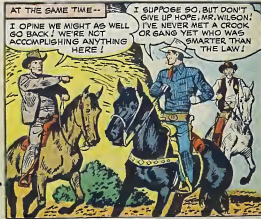
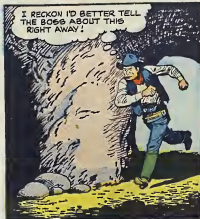
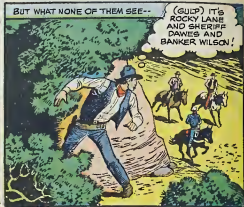
I SAW THEM GO THAT WAY--DOWN TOWARD THE RIVER, MARSHAL!

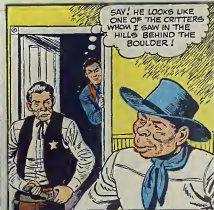
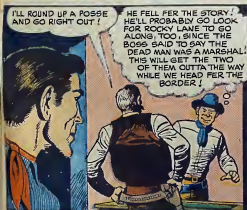
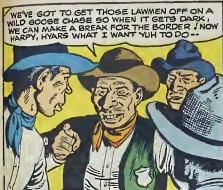


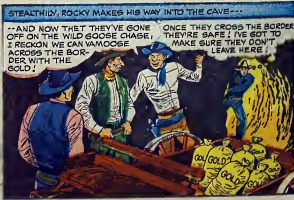
I RECKON WE MIGHT AS WELL FOLLOW, MARSHAL! WE MAY HIT ON THEIR TRAIL!

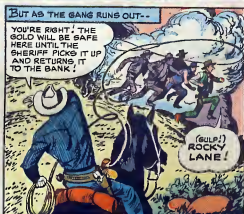
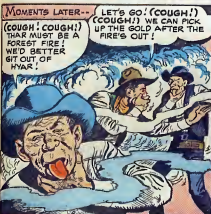
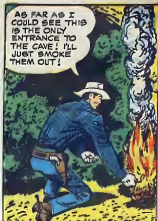
RIGHT, SHERIFF! LET'S GO!











REUNION at the RUSTLERS

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE NIGHT, WHILE THE BOYS AND I WERE VACATIONING AT THE DREW RANCH, WE WERE AWAKENED BY GUNSHOTS FROM THE RANGE...



THOSE RUSTLERS 'BEEN STEALIN' N BRANDIN' A LOT OF MY CALVES... BUT I CAN'T PUT THE LAW ON 'EM 'TIL I CATCH 'EM IN THE ACT OF BRANDIN'!

I HAVE AN IDEA... GET THE SHERIFF HERE TO-MORROW, AND THEN...



THE NEXT EVENING...

WE LOCK MOMMA COW HERE IN THE SHED, WHILE MR. DREW TAKES HIS MEN OFF WATCH...



LATER... THE RUSTLERS HAVE STOLEN THE UNGUARDED CALVES... THE COW, ANXIOUS TO SEARCH FOR HER MISSING CALF, IS RELEASED...

IT'S A CHANCE-- BUT SHE MAY LEAD US TO HER CALF... AND THE RUSTLERS!

IMAGINE TAKING A HIKE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT! AND WHY D'YOU WANT ME TO WEAR THESE HERE "P-F"'S, JIM?



WHAT JIM TOLD THE SHERIFF ABOUT "P-F"*

HERE'S HOW "P-F" CANVAS SHOES GIVE YOU EXTRA SPEED AND COMFORT!

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.



*TRADE MARK

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

Y'KNOW, THESE "P-F"'S OF YOURS ARE MIGHTY EASY ON THE FEET... WE BEEN FOLLOWING THAT COW OVER TWO HOURS AND I AIN'T TIRED YIT!

HOPE SHE FINDS HER CALF BEFORE IT GETS LIGHT AND THEY SEE US COMING!



SOON...



LOOK, BILL-- WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?

CAUGHT 'EM RED-HANDED! GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU BOYS...

... AND OUR "P-F"'S, SHERIFF!



FOR EXTRA SPEED, ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES! GET YOUR "P-F"'S NOW!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich AND
Hood Rubber Co.



While They Last OUTSTANDING BARGAINS IN U. S. ARMY WAR SURPLUS CAMPING GEAR

You can be the most envied kid in your neighborhood with this real U. S. Army Surplus equipment. The "exact" equipment used by thousands of G.I.'s, all over the world in the last war. They're just "super" for that next camping trip, hike, hunting or fishing. You'll be proud to display and wear them. Watch how your friends eyes "pop" when they hear how little this authentic equipment costs. Don't delay, send in your order today! Use the coupon shown below.

Win prizes and ribbons at Jamborees. G.I.s, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, and Aviators are ordering from all parts of the world.

COMMANDO BAG

D. with adjustable strap. Grand lunch bag, camera case, etc. New.

ONLY **50¢**
POSTPAID



SIGNALING MIRROR



S. Unbreakable. For fun outdoors. Flashes visible for 10 miles. Has cross hair sight and complete directions on one side. Reflector. Comes with wrist cord. New.

35¢

Famous Field Artillery MUSETTE BAG

M. with shoulder strap. Double duty. May be worn as pack sock or slung from shoulder.



85¢
POSTPAID



THE FAMOUS COMBAT INFANTRY FIELD PACK SET

- A.** 1. Combat Infantry Pack. The last word in a scientifically engineered pack. As up to date as the jet propelled bomber.
- Has 5 inside pocket compartments.
 - Has 1 outside pocket.
 - Has inside rubber throat for extra waterproof protection.
 - 5 sets of attached straps and buckles for loading on extra equipment.
 - 2 clip sections for hooking in extra gear.
 - Double duty. May be worn slung from shoulder as well.

- plus: (see illustration)
- Pistol Belt
 - Canteen Case
 - 1st Aid Pouch
 - 2 oz. bottle Insect Repellent
 - 2 Adjustable Shoulder Straps

ALL
FOR
\$1.65
POST
PAID

FREE

Get this extra handy used perfect Infantry Furlough Carga Bag. (regular \$1.25) with every order holding \$4 but under \$10 and 3 Furlough Carga Bags with every order \$10 or over.



SPECIAL AIR CORPS SUSTENANCE VEST



V. NEW, adjustable to fit all sizes, young boy to big man. Has 16 pockets (including Pistol Holder) but MORE than 16 uses. Swell as a gift for dad, and wonderful as a Fishing and Carrrall Vest. Cost the Air Corps over \$10 to make.

NOW ONLY **\$1.75** POSTPAID

NAVY PAL HUNTING KNIVES

K. 8" blade 10" overall. leather hgt.



ONLY **\$1.25**
POST-
PAID

L. 6" blade, 11" overall. leather sheath, new.

\$1.45

POST-
PAID

T. 10" blade, 12" overall. with canvas sheath, new.

\$1.75 POST-
PAID

MACHETTE 16" BLADE

J. H. & L. sheath slip over Pistol Belt. 23 hooks into Pistol Belt.

ARMY COT STRETCHER

(collapsible)



Y. 4 carrying handles keep body off ground, collapsible metal cross bracket. Perfect for beach, pup tent use, etc.

F.O.B., Railway Express **\$1.95**

OFFICER'S BED ROLL



EXTRA!
Brand new
AIR
FILLING
included
FREE

R. 8 1/2" long x 16" wide plus 3 straps and 2 gear showing compartments. Extra sturdy general utility canvas & carrying roll. (Wash & dry on ground sheet. Sleep 2 persons).

\$2.45
Package
Delivered

UTILITY AXE



X. A good civilian axe with new Army Canvas Axe Sheath which hooks into pistol or cartridge belt. New.

\$1.45 POST
PAID



C. 10 POCKET CARTRIDGE BELT **65¢**
adjustable from 28" to 46"

ARMY 10 GALLON COOK POT



G. Built like a battleship of heavy gauge steel. Just the thing for troop stews, picnics. Complete with cover. Flat bottom (for use on stoves & outdoor fire-places) but can be rigged as shown.

F.O.B., Railway Express **\$2.45**

MINIMUM ORDER \$2. All items except those listed as new are in used perfect condition. Limited quantities. Order now while supply lasts. Last Spring we were sold out of many items almost immediately, so fill in coupon and order NOW!

LIMITED QUANTITIES! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

CHARLES McMANUS, Cuttingsville 2, Vermont

1 enclose (cash or money order, positively no COD's). Send items checked below:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> A. The Famous Combat Infantry Field Pack Set.....\$1.65 | <input type="checkbox"/> H. Utility Axe.....\$1.45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> B. Commando Bag.....80¢ | <input type="checkbox"/> I. V. Air Corps (\$10.00).....\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. Signal Mirror.....35¢ | <input type="checkbox"/> J. H. & L. Red Belt.....\$2.45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> D. Musette Bag.....85¢ | <input type="checkbox"/> K. Army Cook Pot.....\$2.45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> E. Army Bag with strap.....\$1.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> L. F.O.B. Railway Express.....\$1.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> F. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt.....65¢ | <input type="checkbox"/> M. 16" Machette.....\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> G. My order totals over.....\$4. Send 3 Infantry Carga Furlough Bags FREE. | <input type="checkbox"/> N. 16" Machette.....\$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> H. My order totals over.....\$10. Send 3 Infantry Carga Furlough Bags FREE. | |

MINIMUM ORDER \$2.

Name.....
Address.....
City & Zone.....State.....

CHAS. McMANUS • Cuttingsville 2, Vt.

ROPE 'EM BOTH, PARTNER!

SEND FOR BOY MONEY-MAKER..IT SHOWS YOU HOW TO EARN A DAISY!...Red Ryder

YOU MAIL-UM COUPON PRONTO!
—Little Beaver

Rope Daisy's new BOY MONEY-MAKER and Daisy's famous HANDBOOK NO. 2—both for "two bits" (that's, cowboy lingo for 25c!) MONEY-MAKER may help you own a Daisy in a few days. HANDBOOK NO. 2 is a thick, combined cowboy-comic-sport-joke-science MAGAZINE...inside one pocket-size volume! Use Coupon now!

NEW DAISY B-B GUN-N-SCOPE TARGET OUTFIT!



BE A COWBOY SHARPSHOOTER!

Get Daisy's new Target Outfit featuring: RED RYDER® CARBINE; 2-POWER TELESCOPE SIGHT MOUNTED; BELL RINGING METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY GENUINE BULLS EYE B-B SHOT; SHOOTING & SCOPE MANUAL. Dad will want to buy you this COMPLETE OUTFIT—to teach you HOW to shoot SAFELY at TARGETS. Show him this ad. No. 311 Outfit COMPLETE, at hardware, sporting goods, department stores, \$7.50.

No. 311 COMPLETE \$7.50

No. 311 \$4.95 Gun Only

DAISY PUMP—KING OF ALL B-B GUNS!



The finest Daisy made. Extremely accurate. A50-shot repeater. Pump (pull) slide toward stock to cock. Beautiful "gold"-engraved Hunter-Deer-Game scene on jacket. Adjustable rear sight. Pistol grip walnut finish stock. Takes apart into 2 pieces for vacation travel in car, suitcase. Nothing else like it! At your dealer's, only \$6.95.

NO. 25 \$6.95

SHOOT DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT... TAILOR-MADE AT THE DAISY FACTORY FOR

DAISY B-B GUNS

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. A-125, Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.



Catalog FREE with EITHER BOOK!

BOY MONEY-MAKER GUIDEBOOK

Offers you page after page of money-making tips—where and how to get profitable sparetime jobs—how to keep track of your earnings—RED RYDER comic strip revealing how real cowboys earn their saddles, guns, spurs—how to interest Dad in your plans to earn money for a Daisy—many others. IF you're willing to work to earn "that Daisy"—order MONEY-MAKER now—it shows you how. Hurry! Don't wait any longer—Mail Coupon, Partner!

128-PAGE HANDBOOK NO. 2

Greatest gun-and-fun book for boys ever! Features many comic strips, jokes, magic tricks, how to make things, hobbies, cowboy-ranch lore, camping tips, B-B Gun Marksmanship, etc. Rope your big, thick copy now, Partner. Order on the Coupon below!

Mail Coupon Now!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. A-125, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

☐ BOY MONEY-MAKER GUIDEBOOK & DAISY CATALOG, 1 enclosure disse (10c coin) and unused 3c stamp. Rush postpaid!

☐ HANDBOOK NO. 2 & DAISY CATALOG, 1 enclosure disse (10c coin) and unused 3c stamp. Rush postpaid!

☐ ALL 3—HANDBOOK, MONEY-MAKER, CATALOG, 1 enclosure "two bits" (25c in coin). Please rush postpaid!

Name _____

St. & No. _____

City _____

State _____